

## The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

Briercliffe and Extwistle value of Extwistle's lands,

Once upon a time, in the depths of history's embrace, A tale of ancient times emerges, leaving a trace. An inquisition in Whalley, with significance profound, And a license of translation, by Henry de Lacy crowned.

In the year 1283, a charter from Pontefract was obtained, Unveiling the value of Extwistle's lands, as it ordained. Eleven shillings, a sum of worth declared, For the Church of Extwistle, this value shared.

Centuries passed, and another inquisition arose, In Blackburn, on June 25, 1650, it chose to disclose. Under the Commonwealth's seal, a commission convened, To inquire and certify parochial vocations esteemed.

Briercliffe and Extwistle, distant from Whalley's sight, Yearned for a chapel, their own sacred light. Five miles from Whalley, six from any other, One hundred families united, their desire to uncover.

But fate took an unexpected twist one Thursday, On March seventeenth, in 1718's array. An accident of grave proportions unfurled, An explosion of gunpowder, changing the world.

Within Extwistle Hall, its grandeur displayed, In the large dining room, the blast was made. Captain Robert Parker, his daughters dear, Mary Townley, Betty Atkinson, filled with fear. And a child, innocent, caught in the calamity's grasp, Their lives forever altered, an ordeal to clasp. Injuries inflicted, a painful plight, As two rooms succumbed to the fiery light.

Captain Parker, plagued by agony profound, Lingered till April's twenty-first, heaven-bound. Death granted release from suffering's reign, And Burnley's old church held his eternal domain. The family, burdened by the tragedy's pall, Developed a profound disdain for that hall. Swiftly, they departed, leaving it behind, Nevermore to use it as a residence, they signed.

Whalley's ancient inquisition, a fragment of yore, A license of translation, with history to explore. Explosions and injuries, the price they paid, Extwistle Hall forever haunted, memories never fade.

By Donald Jay